

The Musical World.

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VOL. 47—No. 2.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1869.

POSTAGE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIVE DAYS NEXT WEEK.—The production of a really good old-fashioned Christmas Pantomime having met with complete success, it will be continued from Monday till Friday inclusive.

A variety of amusements at 12.30, the Pantomime at 3.30. All kinds of other amusements during the interval, and after the Pantomime.

Additional hot water pipes throughout the centre transept. There is now no place at which a Pantomime can be so enjoyed, as it is.

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LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRD SEASON.

AT THE SECOND CONCERT on WEDNESDAY NEXT, the following Artists will appear:—Miss Louisa Pyne (Mrs. Frank Bodda) and Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Julia Elton, Mrs. Hale, Miss Forbes, and Madame Salton-Dolby; Mr. Nelson Varley, Mr. Merton Smith, Mr. Chaplin Henry, and Mr. Wink. Pianoforte—Madame Arabella Goddard. Violoncello—Signor Piatti. Conductor—Mr. J. L. Hutton. The programme will include some of the best specimens of Glees and Madrigals, Old Songs, and Ballads, and a Selection of entirely New Vocal Music written expressly for these concerts by the principal English composers.

Stalls, 6s.; Family Tickets (to admit Four), 21s.; Subscription Tickets for the Four Concerts (Numbered and Transferable), 21s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s. and 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell & Co., 56, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., Cheapside; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—NEW SONGS to be SUNG at the next Concert:—Madame Sherrington will sing a new song by Claribel, for the first time, entitled "Robin Redbreast," and will repeat "Thady O'Flynn," by Molloy; Madame Salton-Dolby will sing Arthur Sullivan's song, "O sweet and fair," and repeat "Children's Voices," by Claribel; Miss Edith Wynne will sing "The Rose of Erin," by Benedict, and repeat "The Mother's Dream," by Arthur Sullivan. Tickets at Boosey & Co.'s, 28, Holles Street.

THE CHORAL SOCIETIES' DIRECTORY FOR 1869.

THE Compilers of this work (the first number of which will appear in a few weeks) beg respectfully to solicit from the Secretaries of the various Choral, Philharmonic, and Oratorio Societies throughout the United Kingdom a short statement of the following facts:—

Name of Society;
Number of Members;
How long Established;
Names and Addresses of Secretary, Treasurer, and Conductor;
Number of Concerts given during the Past Year, and the Music performed at each;
Annual Subscription payable by Members;
And a List of Choral and Orchestral Music belonging to the Society.
Also, the Names and Addresses of Vocalists and Orchestral Players of Ability, residing in the Town.

This information will be properly classified and inserted in the *Directory* free of charge.

The Price of the work will be, to Contributors of Information as above, and to Subscribers, One Shilling; to the General Public, Half-a-Crown.

Communications should be addressed, without delay, to the Publisher of the "C. S. Directory," at Mr. Bowering's Publishing Office, George Street, Plymouth.

THE CHORAL SOCIETIES' DIRECTORY.—It is particularly requested that the information solicited in the above Advertisement be forwarded without delay, in order that the work may be produced during the current month. Intending Subscribers are also requested to remit thirteen stamps to the Publisher. The Subscription List will close on the 31st inst.

BRISSAC'S New Brilliant "VALSE DE BRAVOURE," in consequence of its great success, will be played by Mrs. JOHN MACFARREN, at all her Pianoforte and Vocal Recitals. Programmes of DUNCAN DAVISON, 244, Regent Street, W.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—FRIDAY NEXT, January 15th, HANDEL'S "JUDAS MACCABÆUS." SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT. Principal Vocalists—Madame L. Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Salton-Dolby, Mr. Vernon Righy, Mr. M. Smith, and Signor Foll. Tickets, 3s., 5s.; and Stalls, 10s. 6d. each; now ready, at No. 6, Exeter Hall.

EXETER HALL.—"CREATION."—WEDNESDAY

NEXT, 13TH.—NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY. Conductor, Mr. G. W. MARTIN. Principal vocalists—Miss Banks, Mr. George Perren, Signor Foll. Band and Chorus, 700. Commence at 8. Tickets, 2s., 3s.; Numbered Stalls, 5s., 10s. 6d., 21s. Mr. Sims Reeves will sing in the Passion Week performance of the "MESSIAH," March 22nd.—Offices, 14 and 15, Exeter Hall

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that she will recommence her Pianoforte Recital Tour in the Provinces on the 3rd February. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 26, Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF will return from her Engagements in Germany on Monday next. Letters respecting concert Engagements or Lessons to be addressed to 15, Marlborough Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she continues to give Lessons on the Guitar and Concertina, 33, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Chester, THIS DAY, January 9th.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting engagements with his Pupil, Miss BESSIE EMMETT, to be addressed to Mr. J. TENIELLI CALKIN, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT will sing BENEDICT'S "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the Store Street Rooms, THIS DAY, January 9th, 1869.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT will sing the renowned Song by BENEDICT, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," in Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, at Myddleton Hall, on Friday, January 22nd.

MISS MARIAN ROCK (Pupil of Heir SAUERBREY), will play E. SAUERBREY's new Transcription of "LORELEY," at Westbourne Hall, Kensington, on Thursday, January 28th.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing January 15th and 16th, Liverpool; 18th and 19th, Broughty-Ferry, Dundee; 20th Aberdeen; 21st, Edinburgh; 23rd, Glasgow; 25th, Newcastle; 26th, Walworth; February 3rd, Plymouth; 6th, Banbury (morning); 22nd, St. John's Wood Athenaeum; 24th, Hackney; March 11th, Croydon; 15th, Marlborough; 16th, Newbury; 31st, Birkbeck Institution.—19, Newman Street, W.

M. R. AND MADAME PATEY are free to accept Engagements during the present month.—9, Burghley Road, Highgate Road, N.W.

M. R. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing HENRY SMART'S admired song, "WAKE, MARY, WAKE," at Mr. Charles Stanton's Morning Concert, at Leamington, January 14th.

M. R. CHARLES STANTON will sing ASCHER'S popular song, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at his Morning Concert, at Leamington, January 14th.

M. R. ALFRED BAYLIS (Tenor) requests that all letters relative to Engagements for Oratorios and Concerts be sent to his residence, 18, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

M. R. MAYBRICK (Baritone), from Leipsic and Milan, begs to announce that he is in Town for the Season. For Concerts, Oratorios, etc., address, care of Messrs. HUTCHINGS & ROMEN, 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

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MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS & CO. beg most respectfully to inform the Musical Profession and the Heads of Schools that they are prepared to send out PARCELS of MUSIC for SELECTION, returns to be made at Midsummer and Christmas. Terms (gratis and post-free) on application. References solicited.—6, New Burlington Street.

ONE HUNDRED NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS for JANUARY, consisting of Songs, Duets, Piano Solos, Piano Duets, and Dance Music.—A list may be had gratis and postage free of **Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co.**, New Burlington Street.

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SONG.

The Poetry by CHARLES J. ROWE.

The Music by HENRY SMART.

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Published This Day,

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Par LOUIS DIEHL.

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Operetta, "A RAINY DAY," is published, price 4s., by

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CONCERNING BACH'S PASSION-MUSIC TO
ST. MATTHEW.*

Before the door Felix observed :
" I may as well tell you, if he gets rude I shall go ; I must not have a row with him."

" Rude he will certainly be," I replied, " but I will undertake all the rowing."

We knocked. The master called out loudly to us, in his rough voice, to come in. We found the old giant in a thick cloud of tobacco-smoke, with his pipe in his mouth, sitting at his old grand piano with its two rows of keys. In his hand he held the quill pen with which he used to write, while a sheet of music lay before him. He had on his short sand-coloured loose coat, a pair of drawers, which, though tied below the knee, were intended to be worn with knee-breeches, coarse woollen stockings, and shoes with a pattern embroidered upon them. He had raised his head, the white hair on which was brushed back, and turned his face, with its bluff, commonplace, and yet imposing features, towards the door. On recognizing us through his spectacles, he called out in a friendly tone, and his usual broad way, " Halloa ! What's this ? Two such handsome young gentlemen so early ! Well, to what am I indebted for this honour ? Here, be seated ! "

He conducted us to a corner of the room, and sat down upon a plain-looking sofa, while we fetched ourselves chairs.

I now began the speech, which I had well thought over beforehand, about the admiration felt for Bach's work, with which we had first become acquainted at Zelter's Friday musical meetings, and which we had afterwards studied more thoroughly at Mendelssohn's house. I said we wished to yield to the desire universally expressed, and to make an attempt to restore the *chef-d'œuvre* to the public, and—if Zelter would give his consent and support—get up a performance of it with the help of the Singacademie.

" Yes," he said slowly, and stretching his chin up in the air, as was his custom when discussing anything with especial earnestness, " but how is the thing to be done ? Such an enterprise demands greater resources than those we at present possess."

He then dilated upon what the work required and the difficulties it presented ; he said that for such choruses we ought to have the St. Thomas's School at Leipsic, and have it, moreover, as it used to be when Sebastian Bach was the *Cantor* there ; that a double orchestra, also, was necessary ; and that the violinists of the present day did not know how to treat such music. He added that the whole matter had been long and thoroughly considered, and that, if the difficulties inherent to it could have been so lightly overcome, the *Passion-Music* which Bach had composed to all the four Evangelists would long since have been performed.

While speaking, he had warmed up, and, rising from the sofa, laid down his pipe, and walked backwards and forwards in the room. We, also, rose, and Felix pulled me by the coat. He already gave the matter up as lost.

I replied that we—to wit, Felix—thought the difficulties very great, but were courageous enough to consider them not insurmountable. I observed that, thanks to him (Zelter), the Singacademie was not unacquainted with Sebastian Bach, and that he had trained the chorus so admirably that it was capable of coping with any difficulty whatsoever ; that Felix had become acquainted with the work through his instrumentality, and was indebted to him for the hints as to how it ought to be conducted. I remarked that I was burning to sing in public the part of our Saviour, and that we thought ourselves justified in believing that the same enthusiasm which animated us would soon extend to all engaged in the enterprise, and cause it to succeed.

* Not only our readers in and around Berlin, says the editor of the Berlin *Echo*, but also those not affected by our local matters, will, we think, feel interested in an episode from Mendelssohn's youth, related by E. Devrient in his entertaining work, *My Reminiscences of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*. This episode treats of one of the most important steps taken to carry out the difficult task which young Mendelssohn and Devrient undertook, namely, to persuade old Zelter to lend his countenance to a performance of Sebastian Bach's *Passion-Music* to St. Matthew. The young men perceived very clearly that, if they could once gain over Zelter, they would gain over the principal person, and remove the greatest impediment in their path. Well prepared, therefore, as Devrient relates, they wended their way to old Zelter's room on the ground floor of the Singacademie.

Zelter kept growing more and more angry. He had indulged from time to time in expressions of doubt and of disdain, on hearing which, Felix had again pulled me by the coat, and gradually edged towards the door. The old gentleman now broke out :

" Do you expect any one to listen patiently to what you are saying ! Very different people from you have been obliged to abandon all notion of undertaking this task, and now a couple of snivelling boys come and tell me it is all child's play."

He shot off this pleasing specimen of Berlin politeness with the utmost energy, and I could scarcely refrain from laughing. He, however, was a privileged person, who could be as rude as he chose ; besides, for the *Christi Passion*, and from our old master, we could well afford to put up with worse than this.

I now looked round towards Felix, who was standing at the door with the handle in his hand. His face was pale and wore a somewhat offended expression. He made a sign for us to go. I gave him to understand that we must remain, and then began boldly to argue the matter further. I observed that, young though we were, we were not so inexperienced but that our master had already considered us capable of carrying out many a difficult task ; that the spirit of enterprise was especially appropriate to youth, and that, finally, it must be gratifying for him to see two of his own pupils attempt the most sublime composition he had ever taught them.

My arguments were evidently beginning to work ; the crisis was past.

I went on to say that we desired only to make the experiment whether the project could be carried out, and begged he would allow us to do so and give us his assistance ; if the experiment did not succeed, we could always, I remarked, give it up without disgrace.

" How do you mean to set about it ? " he asked, standing still. " You think of nothing. First of all there is the committee, who must consent : a great many persons each with an opinion of his own—and there are a lot of women, too, concerned—you will find it is no such easy matter to make them all agree."

I replied that the members of the committee were favourably inclined towards me ; that the principal lady members, who led the others, took part in the vocal practice at Mendelssohn's, and were already gained over to our cause, and that I hoped to obtain the use of the concert-room, and the co-operation of the general body of the members.

" Oh, ah, the members ! " exclaimed Zelter, " they will be the first to thwart you. One day ten of them come to rehearsal, and, the next day, twenty stop away ! "

We were able to laugh sincerely at his facetious remark, for it proved that our cause was gained. Felix now explained to the old gentleman his plan for holding the preparatory rehearsals in the small concert room, and spoke of the constitution of the orchestra, which Edward Rieti was to conduct. As Zelter could at last advance no more practical objections, he said :

" Well, I will not oppose you—on the contrary, I will speak up for you, when requisite. In Heaven's name, set to work ; we shall see how you will get on."

We parted with grateful hearts, and as good friends, from our worthy old bear.

" It is all right ! " I said, in the hall.

" My dear fellow," replied Felix, " you are a very devil ; an arch-jeesuit ! "

" It is all for the greater glory of Heaven and of Sebastian Bach," I answered, and we went out with joyous hearts into the winter air, for we had been successful in the most important portion of the business.*

MUNICH.—*Der Rothmantel*, a three-act opera, words by Herr Heyse, music by Herr Krempelsetzer, has been produced with very great success. The book is founded on the well-known legend of the same name, by Musäus.

* As our readers are aware, the young artists, after surmounting many obstacles, succeeded in getting the *Passion-Music* performed. The performance took place on the 11th March, 1829, with a completeness that proved decisive in establishing the influence exercised by Sebastian Bach on the music of the present day.—ED. Berlin *Echo*.

CHERUBINI:

HIS LIFE, HIS WORKS, AND THEIR INFLUENCE UPON ART.

Although he had attained his eighty-second year, and was extenuated with fatigue, mental vivacity compensated, in Cherubini's case, for the want of physical vigour, the consequence being that he flattered himself with the hope of still prolonging his frail existence. On one occasion, when he had been compelled by indisposition to keep his room for several days, M. Halévy paid him a visit, and complimented him upon his improved state of health; "Pooh!" replied the octogenarian abruptly, "I have not ten years more to live!" He was deeply affected by the premature death of his son-in-law, M. Turcas, Military sub-Intendant in Paris, and an amateur composer of real merit. His strength decreased day by day. Annoyances arising from some regulation affecting the administration of the institution made him resolve, on the 4th February, 1842, on sending in his resignation as director of the Conservatory, as he had previously done on several occasions, because he would not allow that, while he was at the head of affairs, the rights or the acts of the administrator should suffer the slightest prejudice. But, this time, his determination was irrevocable, as he stated very energetically in a letter written in his own hand. His resignation was accepted, and, on the 8th of the same month, M. Auber, his pupil, his friend, and his colleague at the Institute, who then directed the private musical establishment of Louis Philippe, was selected to take his place. However, while complying with Cherubini's wish, the King, resolving to give the celebrated artist a fresh mark of the value he attached to such long and eminent services, sent him a patent as commander in the Legion of Honour, a distinction then accorded for the first time to a musician.*

Some days previously, the pencil of his friend, M. Ingres, had, with rare felicity, reproduced upon canvas the refined and distinguished features of the great master, just as the chisel of Bartolini, the sculptor, had preserved them, full of character, in marble. The musician was not long before he made a return. To Italian words, of which he himself was the author, and which were addressed to M. Ingres, by name, Cherubini composed a vocal three-part canon, redolent of all the graceful sentiment which had dictated it. This last homage to friendship, this last farewell to the art to which he had devoted his existence, was, in every respect, the dying song of the swan. On the 15th March, 1842, that is to say, five weeks only after having resigned the directorship of the Conservatory, Cherubini breathed his last in the arms of his wife, and of his children, bequeathing to his family an illustrious and honoured name, and to posterity, works that will always be a subject of admiration for connoisseurs.†

The time of Cherubini's death coincided with that of a brilliant revival of his opera, *Les deux Journées*. By another fatality, the author of the words survived the composer only a few weeks; Bouilly, who, also, was an octogenarian, descended to the tomb on the 26th May, the same year. It was this that made M. Emile Vanderburch say, in a touching elegy on Cherubini's death, that the authors of *Les deux Journées* had died hand in hand.

Cherubini's funeral was performed with great pomp. More than three thousand persons went to the Conservatory to take part in the procession, which passed down the Boulevards to the church of St. Roch. All the school, professors and students, accompanied it. During the passage from the master's residence to the church, a band of music played, among other productions of the deceased, the piece he once composed for the obsequies of General Hoche. In the church, the *Requiem* written by him for this sad ceremony was performed at his own express desire. The procession then proceeded to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where the corpse was buried. A subscription was spontaneously got up by the artists for the purpose of building Cherubini a tomb surmounted by his effigy. This monument, now to be seen in the cemetery, is by M. Leclerc, the architect, and the marble medallion upon it by his colleague, M. Dumont, the statuary. At a subsequent period, the municipal authorities of the city of Paris, wishing to perpetuate the musician's memory, gave the name of Cherubini to one of the streets situated near the great lyric theatres of the capital.

* The same favour was subsequently shown to M. Auber, who was raised, some six years since, to the rank of Grand Officer of the Order.

† As the reader probably knows, Cherubini married, in 1794, Mdlle. Cécile Tourette, the daughter of a musician in the old Chapel Royal. This worthy companion of the celebrated artist is still alive (1862), surrounded by the esteem and affection of all those who knew her husband, and in the midst of his manuscripts, which she preserves as holy reliques. From this union sprang three children, one son and two daughters, namely, Mdlle. Victoire, the eldest, married to M. Turcas, whom we mentioned above; M. Salvador Cherubini, at present (1862) Inspector of Fine Arts; and Mdlle. Zénobie, the youngest, married to M. Hippolyte Rossolini, a distinguished archaeologist, who, like Cherubini's son, was one of the colleagues of M. Champollion, jun., during the latter's scientific mission in Egypt. A granddaughter of Cherubini married M. Durst, of the Institute, a statuary whose works require no praise from us.

Nothing, in a word, was wanting to Cherubini's glory. Lately, for instance, there was a subscription opened in Italy to erect a monument to the memory of the great musician in his native town, Florence. At the head of the subscription lists were the names of King Victor Emmanuel, of Prince Carignan, and of the corporation. France resolved not to remain indifferent. A committee was formed in Paris, and a subscription list opened at the Conservatory of Music. The managers of the Société des Concerts, moreover, determined to give an extra concert, and devote the receipts to the same object. The concert took place on the 22nd December, 1861, in the great concert-room of the Conservatory, too small, unfortunately, for the crowd of dilettanti who flocked thither. The following was the programme:—Overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini; chorus from *Blanche de Provence*, Cherubini; "Chant des Titans," Rossini; fragment from the ballet of *Prometheus*, Beethoven; introduction and chorus from the opera of *Elisa, ou le Mont Saint-Bernard*, Cherubini. The orchestra, conducted by its skilful chief, M. Tilmant, brought the concert to a triumphant conclusion with Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. Rossini scored, for the occasion, his "Chant des Titans," the Italian text of which, due to the pen of M. Torre, the husband of Madame Ferraris, was translated into verse by M. Emilien Pacini. It required nothing less than the noble stimulus of old friendship and sincere admiration to awaken, after thirty years of obstinate silence, the musical genius of Rossini. Some months before rendering this act of public homage to his countryman, the illustrious *maestro* forwarded the latter's widow a portrait re-producing the features of Cherubini when young. He accompanied his present with one of those happy remarks for which he possessed such talent: "Here, my dear madam," he wrote, "is the portrait of a great man who is as young in your heart as he is in my mind."

To complete the history of Cherubini's life we have still to sum up, in a few general observations, the celebrated master's ideas respecting his art; to give prominence to certain facts concerning him personally; and to state the influence exerted by what he did.

Cherubini wrote a prodigious quantity of music of every description, a great portion never having been published. He was careful enough to collect the slightest productions that had emanated from his pen, and, in this long list of autographic manuscripts, we find couplets for family merrymakings, and even country dances. If we would know the titles and appreciate the importance of all his works, we must consult the catalogue which, with the methodical spirit that distinguished him, he himself kept drawing up from 1773 to 1842, and to which he added interesting notes. It was published by M. Bottée de Toumon, librarian of the Conservatory, under the title of *Notice des manuscripts autographes de la musique, composée par feu M. J. C. Z. S. Cherubini, ex-surlintendant de la musique du roi, &c., &c.*, Paris, 1843, stitched, 8vo., 36 pages.

We possess twenty-eight operas by Cherubini, one of them, *Ali Baba*, being in four acts preceded by a prologue. Thirteen of his theatrical works, including the ballet of *Achille à Scyros*, are in three acts; and eight, in one act only. To this enormous contribution to the lyric stage, we must add numerous pieces either substituted for others, or interpolated, in the Italian scores executed by the Italian companies in London and Paris, especially in Paisiello's operas most popular at the period, such as *Il Marchese di Tulipano*; *La Furecatana*; *La Molinara*; *La Pazza d'Amore*; *La Grotta di Trofonio*, &c. But how is it that, though Cherubini enjoyed such a great reputation, so few of his works have retained possession of the stage? It is not because his music did not display sufficient melody, as some critics have unjustly asserted to be the case. The duet in the opera of *L'Epicure*; the grand scene of *Pimamalone*; the remarkable duet of *Il Crescendo*; the delicious air of *Les Abencerrages*; that in *Anacreon*, "Jeunes filles aux regards doux"; the gentle chorus, "Dors, noble enfant," which terminates the opera of *Blanche de Provence*; and many other charming inspirations, prove most convincingly that such a charge was unjustifiable. We must seek other causes that may have exerted a prejudicial effect as regards the popularity in France of Cherubini's dramatic works, which are still popular in Germany.

LEIPZIG.—The following is the programme of the concert given in the Gewandhaus on New Year's day:—Ouverture, *Iphigenie in Aulis*, von Gluck; "Ariadne auf Naxos," scene and aria, von Joseph Haydn, gesungen von Frau Hermine Rudersdorff, aus London; concert für die violine, von Anton Rubinstein (1 satz), vorgetragen von Herrn August Wilhelmj; "Schlummerlied" (Peacefully Slumber), mit Begleitung von clavier, 6 violen, und 6 violoncelli, von Alberto Randegger, gesungen von Frau Rudersdorff; Fantasie über Themen aus *Othello* für die violine, von H. W. Ernst, vorgetragen von Herrn Wilhelmj. Zweiter Theil—Symphonie (C dur mit der Schluss fuge), von W. A. Mozart. Madame Rudersdorff is engaged for the next concert, when she will sing a new cantata especially written for these concerts by Signor Randegger.

PANTOMIME MUSIC.

A short time since the *Daily News* directed attention to the nature of pantomime music as now in vogue. Our contemporary was not the first to complain. The grumble is an old one. We, ourselves, have joined in it ere now, and it has been taken up with more or less heartiness in many quarters. The need for grumbling, however, remains, and we are glad to see daily journalism bestow upon the matter a little time and space.

We are among those who think that the entire question of theatrical music needs ventilation. This branch of the art clearly lags behind, and stands in imminent danger of being let alone as incapable of a better position. It has come to be tacitly understood that theatrical orchestras shall aspire no higher than the newest waltz or quadrille, the performance of which is advertized in the bills doubtless for a consideration. We object to this on behalf of both music and the drama. The former might reasonably complain that an occasion when crowds of intelligent people are brought together, having at intervals nothing to do but listen, is lost as regards the presentation of that which really elevates. The drama, on its part, might urge that what is done during the *entr'actes* should be in harmony with what precedes and follows; that, in other words, the power of music should be used as an auxiliary to the sister art. Everybody knows this is done only in rare instances, for the average theatrical *chef d'orchestre* never hesitates to disturb the impressions made by the drama if it suits his whim or purpose. But the subject is one too wide for discussion now in all its aspects, and we therefore confine our attention to that particular form of theatrical music which is devoted to the pantomime.

The simple mention of pantomime music at once suggests a long string of street melodies, music-hall ditties, and flash songs, some distorted out of recognition, and all jumbled up together in most erratic fashion. All this seems to be *de rigueur*, and, being so, who is there that does not profoundly pity the unfortunate "composer and arranger"? Imagine what must be his work as he rakes together from unsavoury quarters a heap of musical rubbish, and then proceeds to determine fitness and settle opposing claims. Happily for him, there is usually no doubt as to the principal theme, which is settled by public opinion in a way impossible to mistake. This year, for example, the *cox populi* commands "Tommy Dodd," and "Tommy Dodd" will be found rampant in the music of every London pantomime. It is well for the delectable effusion just named that Christmas is not a movable feast like Easter. Otherwise, "Tommy Dodd" might have missed its chance; for even now "Ten Little Niggers" is running it hard. With regard to the rank and file of melodies the "composer and arranger" can do as he likes, and he appears most successful who hits upon the most vulgar. Is all this imperative? If so, then there is nothing to do but wonder at the degeneracy of a taste which avails itself of seasonable jollity to tumble into its natural home—the gutter. But we doubt the imperativeness even in connection with pantomimic business. The great mistake seems to lie in supposing that any music is good enough to accompany a pantomime, and that vulgar tunes are the best because they tickle the popular ear. Those who entertain these ideas quite forget that the "opening" of not a few of the entertainments peculiar to Christmas has much poetic beauty not hidden by the veil of burlesque. Stories are told, situations invented, and scenes depicted which might well engage the musician's serious attention, and the effect of which he could heighten by his "so potent art." To put an extreme case, let us suppose a Mendelssohn writing incidental and illustrative music to such a pantomime as that now given at Covent Garden. Can anybody doubt how much the attraction would be enhanced to the great majority of people? Perhaps the "gods" would whistle at starting, and make pressing inquiries for the latest street tune, but even they would soon be listening with eager ears. We have not got a Mendelssohn among us (and if we had it is very certain he would not do the work we have supposed him doing), but there are plenty of musicians well able (and, doubtless, willing) to write pantomime music which shall not only have a real connection with the business of the stage but be of itself a thing of worth. The experiment suggested would be an interesting one, and, properly made, almost assuredly successful. On this matter, as on so many others, the public are supposed to demand that which they quietly accept. No allowance is made for the tendency of English audiences to believe that "whatever is, is right," and that whatever has been for a long time is sacred. Under the influence of this feeling, the public are not likely to call for change, but they speedily accept change when made by others. It may be taken as an axiom that he who, having to cater for public taste, leads it instead of following, is in the surest and quickest road to success. We believe, therefore, that pantomime music, obtained elsewhere than in the street or the Haymarket night-houses, would be acceptable, and in a very little while would make us wonder how what is now in vogue could have been tolerated.

In one respect the change we advocate would occasion a difficulty.

Good pantomime music would require to be played well, and good playing would necessitate improvement in the composition of theatrical orchestras. While fully appreciating the advance made of late years, it is easy to see that theatrical orchestras are by no means up to the mark. There is a great deal too much cornet, trombone, and drum among them, a great deal too much uncertainty about the reed wind, and a most depressing weakness in the matter of strings. Doubtless this is all owing to economy on the part of the managers, who, however, would economize better by being more liberal. The advantage to a theatre of an efficient orchestra has not yet been properly estimated. Let us hope that the means of playing in good style really illustrative music will be put within reach of our theatrical *chefs d'orchestre*. Then the latter will have no excuse for giving "Tommy Dodd" at Christmas, and the "Elfin Waltzes" all the rest of the year.

THADDEUS EGG.

SPINET AND LIMNER.

Old and weazened as that piano is, feeble and cracked her voice, it is wonderful what a pleasant concert she can give in that parlour of a Saturday evening, to Mrs. Ridley, who generally does a good deal, and to a lad, who listens with all his soul, with tears sometimes in his great eyes, with crowding fancies filling his brain and throbbing at his heart as the artist plies her humble instrument. She plays old music of Handel and Haydn, and the little chamber arias swells into a cathedral, and he who listens beholds altars lighted, priests ministering, fair children swinging censers, great oriel windows gleaming in sunset, and seen through arched columns, and avenues of twilight marble. The young fellow who hears her has been often and often to the opera and the theatres. As she plays *Don Juan* Zerlina comes tripping over the meadows, and Masetto after her, with crowd of peasants and maidens: and they sing the sweetest of all music, and the heart beats with happiness, and kindness, and pleasure. *Piano, pianissimo!* the city is hushed. The towers of the great cathedral rise in the distance, its spires lighted by the broad moon. The statues in the moonlit place cast long shadows athwart the pavement: but the fountain in the midst is dressed out like Cinderella for the night, and sings and wears a crest of diamonds. That great sombre street all in shade, can it be the famous Toledo!—or is it the Corso?—or is it the great street in Madrid, the one which leads to the Escurial where the Rubens and Valesquez are? It is Fancy Street—Poetry Street—Imagination Street—the street where lovely ladies look from balconies, where cavaliers strike mandolins and draw swords and engage; where long processions pass, and venerable hermits, with long beards, bless the kneeling people; where rude soldiery, swaggering through the place with flags and halberds, and fife and dance, seize the slim waists of the daughters of the people, and bid the pifferari play to their dancing. Blow, bagpipes, a storm of harmony! become trumpets, trombones, ophicleides, fiddles, and bassoons! Fire, guns! Sound tocsins! Shout people! Louder, shriller and sweeter than all, sing thou, ravishing heroine! And see, on his cream-coloured charger, Masaniello prances in, and Fra Diavolo leaps down the balcony, carbine in hand; and Sir Huon of Bordeaux sails up to the quay with the Sultan's daughter of Bagdad. All these delights and sighs, and joys and glories, these thrills of sympathy, movements of unknown lounging, and visions of beauty, a young sickly lad of eighteen enjoys in a little dark room where there is a bed disguised in the shape of a wardrobe, and a little old woman is playing under a gas lamp on the jingling keys of an old piano.

All those beautiful sounds and thoughts which Miss Cann conveys to him out of her charmed piano the young artist straightway translates into forms; and knights in armour, with plume, and shield, and battle-axe; and splendid young noblemen with flowing ringlets, and bounteous plumes of feathers, and rapiers, and russet boots; and fierce banditti with crimson tights, doublets profusely illustrated with large brass buttons, and the dumpy basket-hilted claymores known to be the favourite weapons with which these wicked ruffians do battle; wasp-waisted peasant girls, and young countesses with O such large eyes and cherry lips!—all these splendid forms of war and beauty crowd to the young draughtsman's pencil, and cover letter-backs, copy-books, without end. If his hand strikes of some face peculiarly lovely, and to his taste, some fair vision that has shown on his imagination, some hour of a dancer, some bright young lady of fashion in an opera-box, whom he has seen, or fancied he has seen (for the youth is short-sighted, though he hardly as yet knows his misfortune)—if he has made some effort extraordinarily successful, our young pygmalion hides away the masterpiece, and he paints the beauty with all his skill; the lips a bright carmine, the eyes a deep, deep cobalt, the cheeks a dazzling vermillion, the ringlets of a golden hue; and he worships this sweet creature of his in secret, fancies a history for her—a castle to storm, a tyrant usurper who keeps her imprisoned, and a prince in black ringlets and a spangled cloak, who scales the tower, who slays the tyrant, and then kneels gracefully at the princess's feet, and says, "Lady, wilt thou be mine?"

COLOGNE.—The fifth Gürzenich Concert was devoted exclusively to Haydn's *Creation*, which was admirably conducted by Herr Ferdinand Hiller. Herr Weber presided at the organ.

BEETHOVEN'S LAST MOMENTS.*

RESPECTED AND DEAR FRIEND.—I was greatly pleased at receiving your esteemed letter of the 17th July, from Vienna. Though it is not so easy a task for me to carry on a correspondence as it was thirty years ago, and though I do not like recalling melancholy events, in which I myself was involved, I will comply with your wish, and, as an eye-witness of Beethoven's last moments, put down on paper everything of which, after the lapse of thirty-three years, I retain a tolerably clear remembrance. I had often intended to send a notice on the subject to some paper or other, but never carried out my intention, because I avoid myself as much as possible, and have a great dislike to talk about myself and my own experiences.

On my entering Beethoven's bed-room, about three o'clock in the afternoon, on the 26th March, 1827, I found there the *Hofrat* Breuning, his son, and Madame von Beethoven, wife of Johann von Beethoven, landed proprietor, and apothecary of Linz, as well as my friend, Joseph Feltzsch, portrait painter. I think that Professor Schindler, also, was present. After a time, the gentlemen above mentioned left the composer, then struggling with death, and entertained little hopes of finding him alive on their return.

During the last moments of Beethoven's life, there was, with the exception of Madame von Beethoven and myself, no one in the chamber of death. After Beethoven had, from three o'clock in the afternoon, when I arrived, till past five, been lying with the rattle in his throat, in the agony of death, a flash of lightning, accompanied by a violent clap of thunder, darted into the room, which it vividly illuminated (now was lying on the ground opposite Beethoven's residence). After this unexpected natural phenomenon, that struck me forcibly, Beethoven opened his eyes, raised his hand, and, with clinched fist, gazed fixedly for some seconds upwards, with an extremely serious and threatening expression, as though he wished to say: "I defy ye, ye hostile powers! Away from me! God is with me!" It seemed, too, as though, like a bold commander, he wanted to cry out to his hesitating troops: "Courage, soldiers! Forwards! Rely on me! The victory is assuredly ours!"

When he allowed the hand he had raised to fall down upon the bed, he half closed his eyes. My right hand was under his head; my left rested upon his breast. There was no respiration, no heart-beat more! The genius of the great composer had winged its flight from this world of deceit to the realms of truth. I pressed to the eyes of the Departed, and kissed them, kissing afterwards his forehead, mouth, and hands. At my request, Madame von Beethoven cut off a lock of his hair, and gave it to me as a holy memento of Beethoven's last hour.

Then hurried, suffering from deep emotion, into the town; took Herr Tobias Haslinger the intelligence of Beethoven's decease; and, after the lapse of a few hours, returned to my home in Styria.

Beethoven's personal appearance was repelling rather than attractive, but the great spirit which breathes in his compositions produces a mighty, irresistible, and magical impression upon the mind of every educated lover of music. Every one must esteem, love, and admire Beethoven!

It is not true that I begged Beethoven to receive the extreme unction; but, on being so requested by the wife of the late Herr Tobias Haslinger, the music publisher, I caused Jenger and Madame von Beethoven to request, in the gentlest manner possible, that he would fortify himself by taking the sacrament.

That Beethoven addressed to me (who was not present when the last sacrament was administered in the forenoon of the 24th March, 1827, the words: "Plaudite, amici, comœdia finita est!" is a piece of pure invention. It is certain, moreover, that Beethoven never made use to any one else of these words, which are so much at variance with his honest, upright character. But, on the day of her brother-in-law's death, Madame von Beethoven informed me that, after having received the last sacrament, Beethoven said to the clergyman: "Holy Sir, I thank you! You have brought me comfort!" I must, by the way, mention, in praise of Herr Johann von Beethoven, and of his wife, as well as of Professor Schindler, that towards me they were very friendly and obliging.

In the hope, my most honoured friend, of seeing you once more, and embracing you in Gratz previously to your return to America, I remain, with the highest esteem, your faithful and most devoted friend,

Hallereschloss, Gratz,
the 20th August, 1860.

ANSELM HÜTTENBRENNER, m.p.

Postscript.—I trust, respected friend, you will be satisfied with what I tell you—and you only—concerning Beethoven, in this letter. These are, probably, the last lines I shall ever write in connection with music.

* The above interesting letter from Hüttenbrenner to Mr. Alexander W. Thayer, American Consul, was published in No. 244 of the *Gratz Tagespost*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Morning Star.")

The first concert of the second, and always most brilliant half of Mr. Arthur Chappell's season, was given on Monday evening, and as Herr Joachim's appearance as first violin, together with Madame Arabella Goddard's appearance as mistress of the pianoforte, took place on the same occasion, it will readily be believed that St. James's Hall was crammed in every part. Genuinely rapturous was the greeting accorded to the king of fiddlers when, followed by his familiar quartet associates, Messrs. L. Ries, H. Blagrove, and Piatti, he ascended the platform, and eager was the attention with which the first of his well-known leading tones was listened for by the enthusiastic amateurs who crowded every public portion of the orchestra, including the space now happily rendered available by the removal of the organ. Had Mr. Chappell twice as much room for his shilling supporters, we believe that on occasions like these every foot would be gratefully occupied. The programme of the evening was as follows:—

PART I.

Quartet in C, No. 6	Mozart.
Song, "I know a song"	Benedict.
Sonata in D major, Op. 53, pianoforte	Schubert.

PART II.

Sonata in G, Op. 96, piano and violin	Beethoven.
Song, "Orpheus with his lute"	Arthur Sullivan.
Quartet in B flat, Op. 64, No. 5	Haydn.

There was no need of so-called novelties to give additional zest to such an entertainment. On the contrary perhaps Herr Joachim seems to greet the "Monday Popular" audiences most completely like an old friend when he comes back to them, playing the strains with which his beloved touch is already closely identified. The Mozart quartet in C is the last of the set dedicated to Haydn, and the same which, on account of its *adagio* introduction to the first movement, provoked the ire of the envious Italian master, Sarti. Whatever be the opinion of critics upon this introduction, it is certain that nothing can be more melodious or more symmetrical than the *allegro* to which it leads, and which is amply sustained by the truly Mozartean perfection of all that follows. Every part was exquisitely played; but if one section afforded more enjoyment than another, it was the delicious *andante cantabile*, wherein the wonderful beauty and richness of Herr Joachim's tones, and the incomparable character of Signor Piatti's violoncello playing, were brought out with transcendent clearness. The piece of the evening was, however, undoubtedly the violin and piano sonata by Beethoven, which, if less superb than the perennial "Kreutzer," is still one of the most delightful and effective instrumental duets ever composed, and one, moreover, for which first-rate execution is rigorously demanded. This it could not fail to find at the hands of Madame Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim, who always play together as if the artistic soul of each rejoiced that now indeed a suitable match was found. Whether the brilliant *allegro* commencement, the lovely *adagio* (which is a genuine hymn without words), or the delicately-playful *finale* was in question, the performance of these two splendid artists was equally fine, and equally distinguished from any other similar performances which we have heard. The joy of the audience throughout the work was intense, and at its conclusion a second recall was enforced before the enthusiasm evoked was suffered to subside. We ought to have before mentioned that the quartet players were summoned back to the platform, and that Herr Joachim then, as always, insisted that his reluctant coadjutors should take their full share of the honours bestowed. Madame Goddard's pianoforte solo was the Schubert sonata in D, above indicated—certainly one of the grandest and most uniformly interesting of any of that composer's writings for the same instrument. So finely sustained is its vigorous character, indeed, that even the inevitable diffuseness of Schubert, when elaborating a favourite subject, becomes a recommendation rather than a drawback. The *adagio* in particular, described as the "longest and, perhaps, the richest movement of its kind that ever came from its prolific author's pen," is extraordinarily fine, and displays a power of presenting a lovely theme under an infinite variety of new aspects, which always serve to brighten its beauty, such as we have hardly ever met with apart from Beethoven. The *finale* is almost jocose in some parts, and has the peculiarity of requiring that the *tempo* should be gradually slackened during about the last dozen bars. How well the firm and grandiose nature of some portions of the work, and the delicate embroidery of others, suited Madame Goddard's playing we need hardly say, any more than how easily every mechanical difficulty was surmounted as if it did not exist at all. The piece was received with immense approbation, and the fair artist recalled by acclamation at its conclusion. Miss Edith Wynn was the vocalist and sang both her now familiar songs beautifully. Mr. Benedict was at his old post; so nothing was wanting to the perfection of this truly superb concert.

CONCERNING A SLASHER.

(From the "Sunday Times.")

We meet with the Slasher in every walk of life. There was once a Tipton Slasher, who hit out in the prize ring with amazing vigour. Between his level and that of the political Slasher, who operates on the floor of "the House," a finely graduated series of Slashers has place. An obvious family likeness runs through the lot. Even the extremes possess features in common, and the gentleman who lunges in the "magic circle" may claim kinship with the other gentleman who browbeats in St. Stephen's. We shall not dwell upon these class characteristics. Everybody with an average share of observing power has seen and recognized the air of superiority, the reliance upon sheer force, the recklessness, and the wild disregard of consequences which mark the Slasher everywhere. We wish, however, to bestow a little attention upon the literary Slasher, a branch of the family which has of late developed itself to an extraordinary degree. The literary Slasher is the peculiar product of an age when "a little earning" can be picked up without difficulty. The ability to read and write—all the acquired power he needs—determines the sphere of his operations. Without that ability he would perforce carry impudence, ignorance, and cruelty elsewhere than to the world of letters. Having it, and the natural gifts just named, his pen is ready to demolish everybody or anything. You cannot daunt the literary Slasher. Show him a subject upon which he is more ignorant than usual, and, if his policy or his fancy prompt, he will charge into the middle of it with consummate assurance. In like manner, if you point out to him an obnoxious object, he goes at it as bulls are said to go at a red rag. It is by these raids upon things about which he knows little, and upon men about whom he knows less, that the Slasher of the press contrives to live. He is a literary bandit who cares for nothing but a victim; another Fee-fo-fum, always growling—

"Whether he be alive, or whether he be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread."

The literary Slasher much affects new literary ventures, because he knows to them notoriety is life. That notoriety he is well able to give, and hence we so often hear, from the earliest numbers of journals and magazines, his "wild shriek of liberty." One such shriek is even now ringing in our ears, for a Slasher of uncommon power has attached himself to Mr. Arthur a Beckett's *Britannia*, in the first issue of which he has put forth all his peculiar gifts. The subject is "Musical Shams" (there is no reason why it should not have been anything else as regards the writer's competence), about which he hits right and left like a Malay running a-muck. Here, for example, is a description of the "typical musician," culled entirely from his second paragraph. * * * if the typical musician were a gentleman, the typical musician would hold his own in society. Not being a gentleman, and not being in the general sense a scholar, he has no right to bewail his exclusion from the dining-table, or to demand that in the drawing-room he shall rank with the guests. * * * The typical musician constitutes, as a rule, a very poor fellow—one, that is to say, spiritually poor. * * * if the conversation ranges beyond his own sphere he finds himself at sea. Then, he is essentially a mean man, habitually distrustful. * * * Add to this the circumstance that the typical musician is a toady, disposed to fawn on the men whose writings can raise him up or keep him down, and you will gain some idea of the forces which operate to shut him out of society." There is the true Slasher ring about this, but we cannot properly estimate its justice till we know what our friend means by a "typical musician." If he has sketched that character from music-hall and singing saloon observation, he may be right, we know not. On the other hand, if his words are meant to apply to the accomplished and honourable gentlemen who are generally regarded as typical musicians, they are simply beneath contempt.

Our Slasher having first asked how the "poor fellow"—the typical musician that is—can be other than "a hypocrite and a sneak" turns on the critics, who are held up as responsible for the "poor fellow's" condition. Then we get once more the old, old story of "appy Madame —," of "the penman of the *Times*," of "we who sit at the master's feet, we of the *Telegraph* and *Standard* and *Star*," of "clamorous" pianists granted admission because of their elanour, and of others not so noisy who are still

kept out in the cold, the whole winding up with the observation, "meant sarcastic," that there is "but one rare pianist and — is her prophet." All this the public have heard till they are nauseated by the repetition; while its falsehood has been exposed so often that everybody worth convincing is convinced. We shall, therefore, have nothing to say about the matter—whipping a dead horse is manifest vanity.

Our Slasher next supposes—as well he may—that somebody asks if the critics have really so much power? Replying to the question, he runs straight upon the rock so fatal to all his class—particulars, and there comes to heavy grief. An attentive reader of the article must foresee his fate, because, in the very first paragraph, our friend makes an uncommon *tableau* out of Spohr and Bellini. The actual result justifies every possible anticipation. Who but a Slasher, with all a Slasher's ignorance of his subject, would put Dr. Wylde, "the associate of critics," at the head of the Philharmonic Society, and Mr. Anderson, "whose voice rules the votes," by his side? Who but the same reckless hero would aver that the New Philharmonic knows only certain "nominees and pets," when, as every concert-goer is aware, the persecuted MM. Rubinstein, Jaell, and Lubeck had their own way last season in St. George's Hall? And who but an unscrupulous partisan would make even a gentleman's domestic arrangements serve by way of argument? Who, in fine, but the writer of "Musical Shams," would have sent the following to a trusting editor:—"There is Sterndale Bennett, one whom adverse criticism is never permitted to touch, for he is sealed with a seal (whatever that may mean). There is Benedict, an excellent accompanist, an atrocious conductor; yet his conducting is ever to be lauded as extravagantly as his touch at the piano. For why? Smiles—in one word, smiles. Has not one of our 'Greatest English Tenors' a hospitable billiard-table at which the men of the pen prove better scorers than the men of the score? Is not Mr. Brinley Richards the affablest of adapters, whose heart is always open to everyone—even to the makers of paragraphs?" All this is admirable of its kind, and none will appreciate its grotesque untruthfulness more than those chiefly concerned. But more and better follows. Our Slasher having been duly coached by some practical joker, gravely assures us that Herr Silas wears a shabby coat because he will not bow the knee to the gods of criticism; and then winds up with a deliciously improbable story about a certain great critic who, taken to a provincial festival to bless Herr Schachner's work, cursed it because left to pay his own expenses. Verily our friend hath been fooled "to the top of his bent."

We are not going to rail at the Slasher in return for his furious diatribe. He has only acted up to the requirements of his position, and we look for no man to commit professional suicide. But we may express sorrow that the first number of a magazine, in all other respects admirable, should be soiled by matter like that above instanced. To those who know nothing of the Slasher, "Musical Shams" must appear very like an outburst of "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness," while those who are better informed will, at the least, regard it as a waste of valuable space. It seems to us, therefore, that *Britannia*, has made a serious mistake at the outset, and, for the future, must keep a watch over its Slasher.

—o—

FRANCESCO NOT EMILE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR.—Will you have the kindness to state in your next number, that the song, "Come and meet me, darling," which your Coventry correspondent says was sung there and deservedly encored last week, is composed by me, and not by Mr. Emile Berger, as he states; and by so doing oblige, yours, very obediently,

3, York Street, Portman Square, W.
Jan. 5, 1869.

FRANCESCO BERGER.

VENICE.—The Fenice opened with *Otello*. NAPLES.—*La Favorita* was given at the Teatro San Carlo with Sig. and Sra. Aldighieri, but the performance did not go off very well. Though not so noisy as usual, the audience were yet very turbulent and fully maintained the unenviable notoriety which has lately distinguished the frequenters of this place of amusement. The fact is that a regular conspiracy has been got up to ruin the present manager. Whether it will be successful or no remains to be proved.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE ELEVENTH SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 11TH, 1869.

To commence at Eight o'clock.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI *Cherubini.*
SONG, "The Maiden and the River"—MISS ANNIE EDMONDS ... *Benedict.*
THREE STUDIES, Op. 104 (Posthumous), for Pianoforte alone—
—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

GRAND TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI *Beethoven.*
SONG, "I heard a streamlet gushing"—MISS ANNIE EDMONDS ... *Schubert.*
QUARTET, in B flat, No. 9, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI *Mozart.*

CONDUCTOR - - - - - MR. BENEDICT.

FIRST MORNING PERFORMANCE,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23RD, 1869,

To commence at Three o'clock.

Programme.

QUINTET, in G minor, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello —MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, ZERBINI, and PIATTI *Mozart.*
SONG, "Cangio d'aspetto"—Madame SAINTON-DOLBY ... *Handel.*
SONATA PASTORALE, in D major, Op. 28, for Pianoforte alone—
—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD *Beethoven.*
SONG, "A year ago"—Madame SAINTON-DOLBY ... *Rockstro.*
TRIO, in D minor, Op. 49, No. 1, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI *Mendelssohn.*

CONDUCTOR - - - - - MR. BENEDICT.

Soft Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. To be had of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.
N.B.—The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

L'histoire de Palmerin d'Olive fils du Roy FLORENDOS de MACEDONE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remiclus, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for FORTY GUINEAS.
Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SYPHAX.—Mr. Leigh Wilson, the tenor, made his first appearance in the *Messiah* when performed at Exeter Hall by the National Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, Wednesday, Dec. 20, 1865.

JONATHAN.—The article on "Pianists," by "A Cute Yankee," was taken from *Watson's Art Journal* (New York), and the "Cute Yankee" was, in all probability, no other than its editor, Mr. W. C. Watson, himself.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

With next week's number of the MUSICAL WORLD subscribers will receive the two remaining pages of Index.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1869.

AVE!

HOW refreshing it is to cry "Hail!" from the heart. We seldom get the chance of doing it; and a pleasant thing that is also rare is doubly pleasant. There are many coming to us; a few objectionable, the mass indifferent, and only now and then one at sight of which arms fly open, while words of welcome spring instinctively to the lips. In this matter, as in all others, the nature of things favours a middle course. It loves mediocrity, and sends us, as a rule, what we neither avoid nor meet half way. The rule holds good in music. Shoals of compositions are yearly given to the world, the great majority just tolerable, heard and—by a benevolent arrangement—forgotten, because they neither offend nor please. So it is with shoals of singers and players. For the most part they come unnoticed, are listened to with placidity, and go away nobody cares when or where. From the monotony of these processes it is a relief even to meet with downright badness, which, at least, may amuse. Anything out of the dead level amounts to a craving, and no wonder that the transcendent is welcomed.

Apropos of what in particular is the foregoing? Of neither more nor less than the coming of Joseph Joachim, who on Monday was once again seen and heard in his accustomed place. We hail the grand artist. He makes us conscious of the faculty of admiration. "This is that," said Tillotson, "which properly causeth admiration; when we discover a great deal in an object which we understand to be excellent; and yet we see (we know not how much) more beyond that, which our understandings cannot fully reach and comprehend." Joachim fulfils both requirements. Certainly it is possible to "discover a great deal" in him. His least merit is mechanical perfection, but what a merit! So little appears difficult to him, that actual difficulties are hidden from his audience. Burke said, "A true artist should put a generous deceit on the spectators." Then, is Joachim the truest of artists, for in his presence we half believe violin playing to be the easiest thing in the world. But he also makes visible more than our understandings can "fully reach and comprehend." That wonderful sympathy which gives to his instrument all the emotional power of the human voice, whence comes it, and how does it act? Perhaps Herr Joachim himself could not tell. But whatever may be obscure, this is clear, that physically, in perfect command over his instrument, intellectually, in the ability to interpret whatever may be put before him, and morally, in all those qualities which best become an artist, Joseph Joachim stands pre-eminent. He is a man of whom a more gifted age than ours might well be proud. What he did on Monday is told elsewhere; but, listening to the tones of his instrument in the slow movement of Mozart's quartet and Beethoven's sonata, one might have been excused for bursting into poetry:—

*"Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old
Appeased the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tamed the savage nations with his song;
And such the Thracian, whose harmonious lyre
Tuned to soft woe, made all the mountains weep,
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of hell,
And half redeemed his lost Eurydice."*

Joseph Joachim has not come alone. We have to hail another great artist, she whom *Punch* called "The Lady of the Keys." Madame Arabella Goddard has long been wandering in provincial

regions, reaping honour and profit for herself while helping on the cause of music good and true. The same public that welcomed the Hungarian violinist, greeted also the English lady who has long stood in the front rank of pianists, a worthy representative of native talent. She came back like a honey-bee laden with sweetness. The same unerring execution as of old, execution more unerring than ever was stoned from Balearic sling; the same wonderful touch, now light as gossamer, now firm as a giant's tread, and the same instinctive feeling for the work in hand—all these she brought and more. Madame Goddard has not the remotest connection with any of the Single-speeches. She is even saying something new, and the public owe her an acquaintance with much they have learned to love. True to this feature in her artistic career, the gifted pianist came on Monday with a great composition unheard for ten seasons. No better new year's gift could have been chosen than Schubert's Sonata in D. Lengthy though it be, and in parts unduly expanded (judging by strict rules of form), its abundant beauties leave no room but for admiration. This is not the place for critical analysis, or we could dwell lovingly upon every part—above all, upon the impetuous opening and the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of the slow movement. Sufficient be it to say that the work is a beautiful example of a composer in whom dwelt the very spirit of beauty. Madame Goddard's performance was surpassingly fine. It displayed in a remarkable degree her variety of resource. The glorious energy of the first *allegro*; the deep sentiment of the never-ending "*con moto*"; the vigorous boldness of the *scherzo*, with its tuneful and delicate trio (so essentially Viennese in colouring), and the mingled humour and expressive grace of the *finale*, all brought out to the life, with loving enthusiasm no less than surprising mechanical accuracy, once again proved the fair executant's many-sidedness. Madame Goddard's audience accepted the proof and felt its force, as they must have done had they been "mountain tops that freeze," instead of warm flesh and blood.

We do but reflect the feeling of every Monday Popular Concert-goer when we again cry "*Ave!*" to the gifted Hungarian and the no less gifted English lady, whose union in one of Beethoven's most inspired duet-sonatas showed their perfections side by side; and this was the conspicuous feature of a concert not easy to forget.

THE TONIC SOL-FA MOVEMENT.

The annual *réunion* of Tonic Sol-faists has just been concluded at the Literary Institution in Aldersgate Street. These meetings are designed to raise the educational status of teachers, and the proceedings include model lessons for criticism, and lectures on musical composition, harmony, and musical history. In the series just concluded, Mr. Curwen lectured on the recent adaptation of the Tonic Sol-fa method to the musical tuition of the blind, and on "Definite Ideas of Transition and Chromatic Chords." Mr. Proudman lectured on the present relation of the Tonic Sol-fa method to instruments, and the Tonic Sol-fa Central Association, with a choir, performed a selection from *Messiah*. There was also a paper, by Mr. Cowley, on "The Study of Orchestral Scores," and a model lesson on the violin, by Mr. McNaught. A most instructive part of the proceedings was a lecture by Mr. Proudman on "A Comparison of the Popular Choral Music of England and France." The Paris Prize Choir sang a number of French compositions by De Rille, Ambroise Thomas, &c., which they had heard in Paris. These were contrasted with such of our own favourites as Webbe's "When winds breathe soft," "In going to my lonesome bed," and Henry Smart's "Shepherd's Lament." Mr. Ashcroft lectured on some points in the history of English church music, his choir illustrating. Mr. Miller, of Glasgow, gave a first singing lesson to a class of pupils, which was followed by criticisms; and there was also a conference on the promotion of the method in Temperance Societies and Bands of Hope. At the close of the last meeting Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" was unexpectedly called for, and sung by all present, although there were not more than three or four copies in the room.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The first of a new series of ballad concerts (limited to four) was given under the direction of Mr. John Boosey, in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday. A crowded attendance evinced once again the wide popularity of this kind of entertainment, while the works performed were in all respects well chosen. As on former occasions the programme included, as well as songs and ballads, a few pianoforte pieces, and concerted vocal music. The last were efficiently sung by Mrs. Hale, Miss Julia Elton, Messrs. Montem Smith, Chaplin Henry, and Winn. Among them were Gibbons's "Silver Swan," and Hatton's "Primrose," both admirable examples of their respective styles. In the absence of Madame Arabella Goddard, through illness, two fantasias were played by M. Boscovitz, one of which, on airs from *La Grande Duchesse* was encored. The songs were of more than common interest. Of old favourites the programme contained "Over hill and over dale," sung by Mrs. Hale (recalled), Bishop's "Should he upbraid" (Miss Louisa Pyne), and Henry Smart's admirable "Lady of the Lea" (Miss Julia Elton). Yet, even these were second in point of interest to some of the newer works—as, for example, Sullivan's "Mother's Dream," one of the most pathetic songs ever written. This was sung by Miss Wynne with true feeling, and unanimously encored. Other almost equally successful items in the list were Benedict's "Rock me to sleep" (Miss Elton, recalled), Lemmens' "Legend of the Crossbill" (Madame Sherrington, encored), Claribel's "Children's voices," which, sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby, with chorus in the distance, received an immense encore, and a new song by Mr. Molloy, "Thady O'Flynn" (Madame Sherrington), to which a similar compliment was paid. There were many other excellent selections, and the concert, as a whole, gave thorough satisfaction.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

CITY CHORAL UNION.—This society (under the conductorship of Mr. Salmon) gave its annual performance of the *Messiah*, on Monday, to a large audience. The solo parts were sustained by Miss Blanche Reeves, Miss Risseam, Mr. Greenhill (of Westminster Abbey), and Mr. Hubbard. The last named, in "The trumpet shall sound" (the *obbligato* being played by Mr. Dearden), created a real impression. Miss Blanche Reeves gave much effect to "Rejoice greatly" and the other early numbers; she appeared, however, to reserve herself for "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which she gave admirably. All the artists were favourably received; the choruses went well; and the whole passed off with *éclat*.

THE MARYLEBONE PENNY READINGS.—One of these weekly meetings took place on Tuesday last at the St. James's School-room, which was crowded with listeners. The vocalists were Miss Kate Lister, Mr. Tinney, and Miss Bessie Emmett. The last-named young lady created a *furore* in Benedict's "Rock me to sleep" and Allen's "Beware," both of which were encored.

Mrs. JOHN MACFARREN gave one of her pianoforte and vocal recitals at Isleworth, on the 2nd inst. The programme, as heretofore, was highly attractive, and the rendering of the instrumental pieces worthy the fair executant. The vocalist was Miss Bessie Emmett, whose rendering of the pieces allotted to her added to her reputation. Benedict's "Rock me to sleep," and Macfarren's "Late, so late," as also Nathan's "Why are you wandering," pleasing the audience so much as to evoke a loud *recal* in each case.

A GROWL.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR.—I have often of late years been disgusted with the absurd terms used in the newspapers in reference to the musical performances of the day. Pieces of music are not described as having been *performed* or "executed," but the sickening stuff of being "rendered," or "recited," or "interpreted," is used; and, to make the matter more ridiculous, in the same account, the orchestra is spoken of as the "band," Mr. Mellon's "band," the "band and chorus," &c., &c. What band do you mean?—banditti, or a band of navvies! The idea of calling a grand orchestra a "band!" But the culminating point of the humbug appeared in a journal twelve years ago, wherein it transpired that Mr. Mellon was to have a "Mendelssohn night;" and that, upon another occasion, upon such a night, "Beethoven was to be conciliated." Now, this piece of "bosh" is really too bad. For pity's sake, call an orchestra an orchestra, and not a "band," and no more about conciliating Beethoven.—I am, Sir,

AN OLD MUSICIAN, AND HATER OF TWADDLE.

[To call things by their proper names, "An Old Musician and Hater of Twaddle" is an irritable old donkey.—A. S. S.]

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

The Monday concerts—popular in the very best sense of the word—began again on Monday night, after a brief Christmas recess. It was a gala night to the hundred-headed lovers of classical music, for Herr Joachim and Madame Arabella Goddard, the greatest attractions of these concerts, made their first appearance for the season. Like true artists, they chose the worthiest music in which to display their unrivaled powers, and the consequence was that the concert was the best we have had up to this time. Rarely, indeed, have we listened to a more thoroughly satisfactory and enjoyable entertainment. The concert opened with Mozart's quartet in C major—last of the famous set dedicated by the Salzburg musician to Haydn, the elder composer who was destined to be himself influenced by his young disciple. No sooner had Herr Joachim appeared upon the platform than he was greeted with the loud and warm-hearted applause which is never withheld by an English audience from incontestable merit. He hastened to prove that the reception was well deserved. The very first violin phrase, in the short *adagio* that introduces the *allegro*, was more than enough to show that the tone of the great violinist was as full, pure, round, and musical as of yore; while in the succeeding movements he abundantly demonstrated that his intonation was as perfectly accurate, his phrasing as broad, his expression as intense, as those rarely united requisites of a fine player have ever been. Apart from such qualities, there is one in Herr Joachim's every performance which has a distinctive charm—we refer to the complete absence of all exaggeration or affectation in his playing. Thus, while the heavenly *andante* in F was expressed with true and genuine feeling, it was marred by none of that slackening of the time, so freely indulged in by commonplace players when they aim at expression; nor was the minuet, though played with the lightest possible touch, by any means hurried. The satisfaction of the hearers was the greater from the conviction that it is utterly impossible for Herr Joachim, so entirely is passionate earnestness controlled in him by cultivated art, to "o'erstep the modesty of nature." His companions supported him last night most zealously and most ably. Signor Piatti, who found in the *finale* ample opportunity of exhibiting his skill, brought out a tone as rich, clear, and bell-like as that of Herr Joachim himself. Herr L. Ries proved himself to be as safe a "second violin" as could be desired; while Mr. H. Blagrove, the tenor, played in strictest tune—and notably in passages with the first violin, in which the slightest discrepancy would have been remarked. Thus the entire quartet, from the opening movement to the final *allegro*, including an *andante* which seems to have absorbed into itself all that there is of pure loveliness in music, was given to perfection. At the conclusion there was a loud recall, to which the four executants responded.

Madame Arabella Goddard, a worthy artistic partner to Herr Joachim, as great and as deserved a favourite as the incomparable German fiddler, was received with applause as hearty and as well merited as that with which he had been greeted. She chose for the pianoforte solo of the evening Schubert's sonata in D major, to which the charm of comparative novelty attaches, it having been only once previously heard at the Monday Popular Concerts. This sonata is best characterized as "glorious," an epithet applied by Schumann, the most enthusiastic admirer of his mere gifted compatriot's genius, alike to it and to the sonatas in A minor and in G. In no movement of Schubert, always prodigal of his unparalleled gifts, is there a greater affluence of rare melodic thought than in the *allegro*; by no author except Beethoven has any rival to the *andante* been created, full to overflowing as it is with original ideas, and characterized by a syncopated accent kept up with a persistency that never becomes monotonous; nothing in Haydn is more playful than the unexpected pause, which will be remembered as the salient point of the trio of the *scherzo*; while the rustic first theme of the final *rondo*—in character like the tune of a morris dance—is varied with infinite skill and effect.

The sonata was rendered in absolutely faultless style by Madame Arabella Goddard. Not merely was the mechanism, as it invariably is with her, literally perfect—not only was each movement taken at its just time, and every change of feeling in the composer's mind faithfully reflected on the keyboard through the medium of

her willing fingers—but there was a variety of what the Germans call "tone-colouring" in her playing, which none but the very greatest pianists can produce. Much as we delight in a noble performance, we should be rather grateful than otherwise to Madame Arabella Goddard if she would give us the opportunity of now and then finding fault. We should at least escape the monotony of perpetual praise, the most heinous crime of which a journalist can be guilty. But merely in order to be readable we cannot consent to be unjust. Our catholic admiration for what is excellent in foreign artists need not compel us to do wrong to a lady who is unfortunate enough to be of English birth. We are all much too prone to apologize for our nationality in music. And yet it is utterly impossible for any native artist to maintain a high position in London except upon his or her own merits. In piano playing this is especially the case, for the dialect of the instrument is by far the most generally cultivated of the only universal language. It is spoken by everybody, and more or less understood by all. Every pianist of eminence in his own country, and many pianists of no eminence in any country, make periodical visits to our hospitable shores. They all obtain a hearing, and are invariably well received by a public whose generous characteristic, since Shakspere's time, it has consistently been to give the heartiest welcome to foreigners. Madame Arabella Goddard has obtained her deservedly high position because she has met all comers, each on his own ground. Almost every foreign player has a speciality. The speciality of Madame Goddard is that with every school of pianoforte music she is as familiar as though she had made each particular school her exclusive study. Herein lies her strength. We fully appreciate the diverse excellencies of the great players of the day; yet we have no hesitation in saying that our fair compatriot is unrivalled in the variety of music she is always prepared to interpret in the worthiest manner. That Monday night's audience appreciated Madame Goddard's playing was convincingly shown by the attention with which they listened to her performance, by the warmth of their applause at the close of each movement, and by the unanimity with which they recalled her at the conclusion of her arduous task.

A line will suffice to tell that the programme was completed by Beethoven's duet sonata in G, in which Madame Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim were associated, and one of Haydn's quartets in B flat. The vocalist was Miss Edith Wynne, who gave in her best style Mr. Benedict's graceful lyric, "I know a song," and Mr. Sullivan's Shaksperian "Orpheus with his lute," in such exquisitely modulated accents, that only one word can describe them, —and that word is "perfect."

AS THEN, SO NOW, O SEYLER!

"In a great city like Vienna"—says Robert Schumann, in reviewing, or rather talking round about, a first trio by one Carl Seyler (which has not made its author famous)—"it takes all a man's strength to keep in the right way. What both public and publishers like best is something light and pleasant, and they value a mouth-piece more than a well-trained gladiator. Thus, it often happens that those who refuse to accept this humour, and prefer to go against the tide, must do so alone and without encouragement, while those who are accommodating and abstain from aspirations swim down the stream with a hundred others and pass away without a trace. We hope our young friend may have resolution enough not to join the latter class. What is all the applause of a fashionable crowd, compared to the quiet self-approbation of the real artist? The public is never satisfied; but a genuine work of art which has been diligently composed and finely elaborated will lie hidden for decades. I have fallen into this moralizing tone, because I know too well how often in great towns, owing to want of encouragement, real ability never gets beyond its first promising beginnings. May this 'first Trio' be but the forerunner of still better works, and may the composer advance to the larger forms of art and strengthen and control his powers as he possesses." Whether Carl Seyler profited by this excellent talk does not seem widely known.

VIENNA.—Herr Carl Haslinger, the well-known musical publisher, after his return from a party, on the 25th December, had an apoplectic fit, and died instantly.

PROVINCIAL.

PETERHEAD.—The *Messiah* has been given in the Parish Church with Miss Anna Hiles, Miss Elena Angèle, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Kelly, as principal vocalists. The local choral society sang the choruses with precision and effect, and the principals exerted themselves to the utmost; the result was an excellent performance. Mr. Laing, Mr. Justice, jun., and Mr. Cooper assisted.

A CORRESPONDENT from Aberdeen writes as follows:—

"The Aberdeen Choral Society's Christmas performance of the *Messiah* was one of the best they have yet given. The members sang *con amore*. All the choruses were sung with precision and effect. The soprano was Miss Anna Hiles, whose voice is well suited to Handel's music, and who in 'Rejoice greatly,' and 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' created a genuine impression. The contralto was Miss Elena Angèle who made a marked impression in the airs allotted to her. Mr. George Perren was the tenor, and his rendering of 'Behold and see' gave much satisfaction. Mr. Kelly sang the bass music, and in 'The trumpet shall sound' (trumpet *obbligato*, Mr. Wood) was eminently successful. Mr. Laing was organist, and Mr. Latter conductor."

THE *Liverpool Mercury* says, *apropos* of Miss Stott's concert, in the Philharmonic Hall, on the 29th ult.:—

"The London Glee and Madrigal Union (Mr. Land, director), now established for the last nine years, have so frequently been heard with delight in Liverpool that it is only now necessary to say their performances last night showed all their previous refinement, expression, and perfect concord, more than one encore being demanded during the evening."

REVIEWS.

Hanover Square. A Magazine of New Copyright Music. Edited by LINDSAY SLOPER. No. 15. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

The pianoforte pieces in this number are a *Marche de Concert* by Walter Macfarren and a *Capriccietto* "Tears of joy," by Francesco Berger. Both are fair average examples of popular music for the popular instrument. Mr. Ignace Gibson contributes a song, "Ah! Cloris," in the pastoral style, simple and unaffected but which an unvarying rhythm makes slightly monotonous. Any shortcomings on the part of Mr. Gibson are, however, amply atoned for by Mr. T. M. Mudie, whose song, "Wayward thoughts," is a real gem. This, too, is simple, but every bar reveals the handiwork of a musician. Anything more appropriate to its subject, or more elegant than Mr. Mudie's music we do not often meet with. The critical observer who detects consecutive octaves between the voice part and bass, on the last page, bar two, second line, may also see that they are there of deliberate purpose.

The Mariner. Part Song for A. T. T. B. Composed by EDWARD DEARLE, Mus. Doc. [London: Dearle & Co.]

NOTHING remarkable about this; the bass part rolls nautically, in true "When the stormy wi-nds do-o blo-o-o-o-w" style.

The Mountain Daisy. Part song for S. A. T. B. Composed by EDWARD DEARLE, Mus. Doc. [London: Dearle & Co.]

This is much better than the preceding. Certain passages, as, for example, that beginning "Alas! it's not thy neebor sweet" are well and gracefully written, and the whole is pleasing. We observe one or two serious misprints in the pianoforte accompaniment.

The Tiny Vale. By B. L. MOSELEY.

An easy valse; melody pleasing; will suit those who like to obtain pretty effects without much trouble.

Platte Klip (Reminiscence of the Cape). Reverie for the Piano. By G. S. DARTER, pianist to the Duke of Edinburgh. [Cape Town: Darter & Sons.]

We are pleased to see this example of Anglo-South African music. It is a great deal better than Anglo-South African wine. The piece has an agreeable melody mainly in repeated notes, and we have no doubt that Cape colonial amateurs appreciate it as it deserves.

Classical Extracts for the Organ (No. 6). Arranged and selected by GEORGE COOPER, organist to Her Majesty. [London: Robert Cocks & Co.]

We have such respect for Mr. Cooper that we are even willing to believe in the classicality of Sir Gore Ouseley and M. Brosig, two of the three composers—the third is Handel—here laid under contribution. The rev. baronet's piece is an *andante expressivo*, which meanders along without any very obvious purpose; and that by Brosig is a prelude

and short fugue, equally devoid of startling characteristics, though fairly well made. Handel's share in the number is an arrangement of "For all these mercies" (*Joshua*), which makes Mr. Cooper's good judgment pleasantly conspicuous.

Concerto in G minor. Composed by G. F. HANDEL (1739), and transcribed for the piano by E. PAUER. [London: Augener & Co.]

Nor a word need be said in praise of this concerto, but more than a word is due to Herr Pauer for his excellent transcription. The work has been done with the conscientiousness of a true artist, and every lover of genuine music who comes into possession of the concerto will be grateful.

Thou art ne'er forgot. Song. Poetry by P. F. BRIODY. Music by HAMILTON CROFT. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

A DECENTLY made and rather pleasing love song, from which many a languishing tenor will probably derive much comfort. Tenors of all sorts often solace themselves with worse.

—o—

THE "CHORAL SOCIETIES' DIRECTORY FOR 1869."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to state through your columns, somewhat more fully than would be practicable within the limits of an advertisement, the nature and object of the work which I am now in course of compiling? In the first place, the *Directory* will contain an accurate register of every choral society in the kingdom whose secretary will be so good as to forward the information asked for in the advertisement which appears in your issue of to-day. Secondly, it will contain a list of professional vocalists and orchestral players residing in the provinces whose services may be made available by the societies at their concerts. But, thirdly, the principal object I have in view is one which the various societies will consider to be the most valuable feature in the work. I propose to add to the notice of each society a list of standard works (oratorios, masses, cantatas, etc.), of which the choral and band parts are in their possession, so that other societies, instead of going to the enormous expense of *purchasing* each work they may wish to perform, will be able on referring to the *Directory* to ascertain what society already has the required work, and then arrange for borrowing or exchanging amongst each other under a code of rules which will be carefully framed for their guidance, and be embodied in the *Directory*. To those who have hitherto been in the habit of paying from £8 to £20 for band and chorus parts of a single work, which may perhaps be performed once and then shelved for an indefinite period, I need not point out the advantages of this system, as they will at once perceive how large an annual expenditure may thus be avoided.

I beg to thank my numerous correspondents for much valuable information already received; and acknowledging your kindness in inserting this letter, I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

THE EDITOR OF THE "C. S. DIRECTORY."

Plymouth, 31st Dec., 1868.

—o—

Odd Thoughts.

We read the following in *Fun*, "edited by Tom Hood":—

"The *Musical Times* says that the lowering of the musical pitch in England is about to assume a practical form. We are glad to hear it, for there is a great deal of musical pitch which defiles those who touch it. It would not be a bad beginning of the movement to abolish the per-cent-age to singers. The next best step would be to abolish those critics who have been tarred with the same brush as—well, never mind."

We know not what the last sentence means, and our contemporary seems afraid to explain. His "I dare not" waits very closely upon "I would." The business, however, is his own. If he likes to rank himself among those who deal in inuendoes, and whom plain-speaking folk call—well, "yellow-hammers," by all means let him.

A TRANSATLANTIC journal has found out a peripatetic piano. It says— "The Weber Grand Piano is walking with conquering strides all over the country."

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Madame Lucca has been singularly unfortunate during her present visit. Scarcely had she recovered from the indisposition by which she was attacked on her arrival in this capital, and appeared as Zerlina in *Don Juan*, when she was prostrated by severe influenza. Her husband, Baron von Bahden, on receiving intelligence of her illness, immediately hastened hither from Berlin, and will, as soon as she is sufficiently recovered, take her back to the Prussian capital.—Madame Adelina Patti has arrived, and will shortly make her appearance.

WAIFS.

Mr. Sims Reeves has addressed a second letter to our contemporary, the *Athenaeum*, on the subject of musical pitch, which we subjoin:—

“Clifton Down Hotel, Dec. 30, 1868.

“Thanking you sincerely for what you have already done, I deem it my duty to inform you that performances will take place during the ensuing spring, with the pitch lowered according to the French standard. Mr. Halle has given in his adhesion and will adopt the same standard next season. Mr. Martin, I have every reason to believe, will also adopt the same, in the course of the season, and there can be no reason why others should not immediately follow the same good example. I beg to enclose a small paragraph from the *Musical Times*. If you deem it of sufficient importance to give it insertion in your valuable journal, you will further greatly oblige your obedient servant,”

J. SIMS REEVES.”

The paragraph in question has already been commented upon in our leading columns (*Musical World*, Jan. 2). While on the topic, we may call attention to a very interesting and admirably written “leader” on musical pitch, which appeared in Tuesday’s *Daily Telegraph*.

M. and Mdm. Jaell have been playing successfully at the Brussels Concerts Populaires.

Mdlle. Minnie Hauck appeared on Saturday last at the Italiens, as Amina (*La Sonnambula*).

Mdlle. Patti has had an immense success at Brussels, where she sang in *Lucia*, *Il Barbier*, and *Faust*.

Mdlle. Lucca has left St. Petersburgh for Berlin, having sung but twice owing to an affection of the throat.

Le Méneutrel says that *Mignon* will be produced in London next season with Mdlle. Nilsson as the heroine.

The *Antigone* of Sophocles in the original Greek, with Mendelssohn’s music, is shortly to be produced at Prague.

Messrs. Wilson and Montague have taken the St. George’s Theatre on lease. They intend commencing their season on Monday, February 8th, with the Royal Original Christy’s Minstrels.

M. Pasdeloup’s programme last Sunday was this:—Symphony (*La Reine*, Haydn); Overture (*Mélusine*), Mendelssohn; Marche Turque, Mozart; Concerto (pianoforte), Litoff; Symphony (C minor), Beethoven.

On the occasion of the new year Mdlle. Nilsson received a handsome present—“un vrai chef-d’œuvre d’orfèvrerie,” with the following inscription:—“Présenté à Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, par les membres de la Société Philharmonique de Londres, comme modeste hommage à son grand talent, et en souvenir de son concours au grand concert de l’année 1868.” Good.

The Paris journal, *Le Méneutrel*, mentions a new invention which should earn for its author the gratitude of millions. “It consists—says the *Athenaeum*, “of an apparatus, which, applied to any piano, will deaden the sound emitted. There are few persons who have not been sometimes distracted by the practising of some too persevering player, and who would have paid any price for such a ‘mute’ as that described.” Amen!

Dr. Flinch, of Maidstone, writes to inform us, that the report of Mr. Tolhurst having been appointed successor to Mr. H. F. Chorley as musical critic to the *Athenaeum* is unfounded. We are bound to take Dr. Flinch at his word, but would rather have heard from Mr. Tolhurst himself on the subject. The rumour now, however, is that Mr. George Grove—not Mr. Brinley Richards, as some German, French, Italian, Spanish, Belgian, and American papers (North and South) aver—is Mr. Chorley’s successor.

ROSSINI.—“The great lamented *maestro*,” says a contemporary, “was during his life, most kind and generous to all the members of the musical profession. About two years since, Madame de Vaucheran, the well-known pianist and teacher, played before him at his house in Paris. By that lady he sent a letter to a most esteemed friend in England, saying—‘I send this by Madame Vaucheran, a very good pianist.’ At the end of the letter he wrote a musical chord, indicating that in the barometer of life he was fast descending, and that he was then seventy years of age.”

Our excellent American contemporary, *Watson’s Art Journal*, prints the following:—

“—Another remarkable child-pianist, Miss Henrietta Markstein, is spoken of in flattering terms by *Watson’s Art Journal* (New York)—which journal, by the way, appropriates wholesale the articles and paragraphs that appear in the *Musical World*, with never a word of acknowledgment. *Watson* is not the less welcome, however, for his paper is one of the most gentlemanly conducted art-papers in this wide and dreary world.—We copy the above from the *London Musical World*. We acknowledge the justice of the quiet rebuke,

while, at the same time, we make a profound obeisance, for the most flattering compliment. In defence of our unceremonious transfer of matter from the columns of the *Musical World* to our own, without credit, we say, that if we credited that paper with all the good things we pilfer from it, we might as well change our title at once, and rechristen our paper—*American Edition of the London Musical World*. The fact is that we receive the French, German, and Italian papers; but before we have time to translate their news, it comes the ever welcome, for its own sake, *Musical World*, and we find most of our labour anticipated by the capable writers in that excellent journal. So we take the goods the *World* gives us, and are thankful for the same. We herewith acknowledge our indebtedness, and inform our readers that the best selected matter in our journal may be safely credited to our courteous and talented contemporary, the *London Musical World*.”

Not to be outdone in courtesy, we hereby acknowledge our frequent obligations to *Watson’s Art Journal*, and, not to be outdone in justice, we must apologize for the inadvertence which last week permitted the admirable article on “Pianists” to appear without due acknowledgment. Long may the kindly reciprocity between ourselves and our cousin continue.

The second volume of Ernst Förster’s life of Raffaelle comprises the painter’s history from 1518 to his death. It is not, of course, replete with incident, but each picture has a history and a character of its own, and the author’s extensive knowledge and refined taste are associated with great descriptive power, and not spoiled by pendency or crookedness. Herr Förster will give no ear to those who would, with Ruskin, tax Raffaelle with over-refinement or undue embellishment of nature, or, with Rio, impeach the sincerity of his religious faith. To him Raffaelle is the perfect idea of a well-balanced constitution, the happy mean in which all opposing tendencies are reconciled and harmonized. He represents, like Shakspere, the wonderful confluence of ideas in the sixteenth century, when the classic and the mediæval world united to produce the modern age. He cannot be called a Naturalist or an Idealist, a Catholic or a Classic; all these rival tendencies were represented in him, and none was suffered to exclude the rest. Other masters please, but at the same time offend, by an excessiveness of power in some particular direction; Raffaelle’s works are models of symmetry. On this account he is comparatively distasteful to critics of vehemence but narrow sympathies, and acceptable to those in whom width of culture is more apparent than intensity of feeling. Herr Förster belongs decidedly to the latter class, and, sympathizing more or less with all schools of art, discerns in Raffaelle the focus in which their various tendencies converge. It is hard to say whether his work is destined to supersede Passavant’s, but the probability is that there will be found to be ample room for both—Passavant’s being better adopted to the needs of artists and connoisseurs, and Förster’s to those of the cultivated, rather than of the specifically critical, public. The preface to this volume is remarkable for a most emphatic testimony to the merits of Crowe and Cavalcasselle’s history of Italian painting.

THE OPERA IN MOSCOW.

(From a Correspondent.)

Before leaving the ancient capital of Russia, Mdlle. Ariot appeared, for her benefit, as Margaret in M. Gounod’s *Faust*. The receipts amounted to five thousand roubles. But this was far from all. She received from the Subscribers a magnificent diamond ornament of the value of three thousand roubles; from the Governor, a splendid bracelet, set off with a large sapphir surrounded by diamonds; from other admirers, ear-rings, a girdle with a gold clasp studded with diamonds, the work of Russian artists, brooches, &c.; and, lastly, from the students, a massive silver vase, on the cover of which are engraved the words:—“From your worshippers, the Youth of Moscow.” The enthusiasm during the performance was something extraordinary. The audience were not content with applauding the fair artist and calling her on; they threw her the most choice nosegays, waved their handkerchiefs, and indulged in various other manifestations of intense delight. On going out of the theatre, Mdlle. Ariot found the entire body of students waiting for her appearance. They received her with cheers, and accompanied her in triumph to her house, while her empty carriage, drawn by more enthusiasts, followed.—M. Scroff’s opera, *Regneda*, was lately given for the first time here. It is splendidly got up and put upon the stage. The music is exorbitantly praised by some, and as vehemently deprecated by others. It is, however, unquestionably original, and distinguished for its *couleur locale*. The action is laid at the period of the introduction of Christianity into Russia. M. Scroff is a disciple of the Wagnerian school.

R.

GHENT.—The manager of the theatre has decamped, and the theatre is closed.

ITALIAN OPERA IN ITALY.

(From a "Looker-on.")

The following new operas were produced in 1868:—1. *La Tombola*, opera buffa, music by Signor Cagnoni, Teatro Argentina, Rome. 2. *Nadilla*, opera buffa, music by Signor Ruggi, Teatro Bellini, Naples. 3. *Piero da Padova*, opera seria, music by Signor Fiori, Teatro Carcano, Milan. 4. *Le Rose*, opera buffa, music by Signor D'Arienzo, Teatro Bellini, Naples. 5. *Don Astrubale*, opera buffa, music by Signor Carlo Graffeo, not first produced at the theatre, but in the Royal College of Music of the Buon Pastoro, Palermo. 6. *Rosamunda*, opera seria, music by Signor Guardini, Teatro della Pergola, Florence. 7. *Mefistofele*, opera seria, music by Signor Boito, Teatro della Scala, Milan. 8. *Le false Apparenze*, opera buffa, music by Signor Zescevich, Teatro Comunale, Trieste. 9. *L'Arco di San' Anna*, opera seria, music by Signor Noronha, Teatro San Carlo, Lisbon (though this opera was written by a Portuguese, and produced in Lisbon, it has been included in the present list, because it was composed expressly for an Italian company). 10. *Bianca de' Rossi*, opera seria, music by Signor Amadei, Bari. 11. *Il Figliuol Prodigio*, opera seria, music by Signor Serrao, Teatro San Carlo, Naples. 12. *L'Educande di Sorrento*, opera buffa, music by Signor Usiglio, Teatro Alferi, Florence. 13. *Don Properzio*, opera buffa, music by Signor Ticci, Sienna. 14. *Cuor di Madre*, opera seria, music by Signor Alberti, Teatro Fiorentini, Naples. 15. *Faustina*, opera seria, music by Signor Bernardi, Lodi. 16. *Don Pedro*, opera seria, music by Signor Drigo, Padua. 17. *Il Paggio del Duca di Savoja*, opera seria, music by Signor Zonghi, Tolentino. 18. *La Schiava Greca*, opera seria, music by Signor Pontoglio, Bergamo. 19. *Enrico di Guisa*, opera seria, music by Signor Nascimbene, Stradella. 20. *Gli Artisti alla Fiera*, opera buffa, music by Signor Lauro Rossi, Teatro Carignano, Turin. 21. *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, opera seria, music by Signor Dall'Argine, Teatro Comunale, Bologna. 22. *Alda*, opera seria, music by Signor Ventura, Teatro Comunale, Bologna. 23. *Frossini*, opera seria, music by Signor Carrer, Zante (not produced in Italy, but the work of an Italian composer).

DRESDEN.—Lortzing's *Undine* has been revived. It is splendidly got up, and has proved a great success.

BRUSSELS.—The success achieved by Madame Adelina Patti, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, surpassed the most sanguine expectations. She appeared in *Lucia*, in *Il Barbiere*, and in *Faust*. She has promised to give, in March next, on her return from Russia, one performance, for which she is to receive the trifling sum of three hundred and twenty pounds!

GLUCK.—The *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* lately published an address, calling upon the theatrical managers, and the vocal associations of Germany, as well as upon the admirers of Gluck abroad, to subscribe towards erecting a monument to him in his native place, Weidenwang, in the Upper Palatinate, Bavaria. Herr Fischer, the *Bezirkshauptmann*, Beilngries, has offered to receive any subscriptions.

EISENACH.—A committee has been formed for the purpose of erecting a monument to Johann Sebastian Bach in this town, his birthplace. The Abbé Liszt gave a concert, some years ago, for the same object, but the general public did not then take much interest in the matter. It is to be hoped that they will now display a little more enthusiasm. Subscriptions may be forwarded to "the business committee for erecting a Bach Monument in Eisenach."

MILAN.—The season at La Scala commenced with Verdi's *Don Carlos* sustained by Mad. Stoltz, Sra. Benza, Signori Colonnese, Junca, and De Vecchi. *Don Carlos* is to be followed by *Mosè*, and a new ballet by M. Monplaisir, entitled *La Semiramide del Nord*.—The opera selected for the opening of the Teatro Carcano was *Macbeth*; and the opera for that of the Teatro Santa Radegonda, *Don Pasquale*.—*Norma* is to be produced ere long at the Carcano, with a new *prima donna*, Signora Giulia Marinoni.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

E. LEDGER.—"The Era Dramatic and Musical Almanack for 1869," conducted by Edward Ledger.
BOOSEY & CO.—"Handel's System of Music," Part II.; "Gone, not forgotten," song, by Virginia Gabriel.
JAMES SMITH & SONS (Liverpool).—"Softly the echoes," song, by Samuel Jones.
NOVELLO, EWER, & CO.—"The Organist's Quarterly Journal of Original Compositions," Part I. Edited by William Spark, Mus. D.
ASHDOWN & PARRY.—"Love's Philosophy," "A Lullaby;" "No, I never was in love;" and "Oh! if thou wert mine own love." Arranged for the pianoforte by Charles Salaman.
C. CZERNY.—"Concerto for Piano and Violoncello," by Selma Kahlenberg.

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 EXERCISE ON THE CANTABILE.
9. The Russian Hymn,
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